

\$100? GEE! GLEE, HERE'S A MOVIE FROM REEL LIFE

Thick Plot Too Thin When
Mother Gets on the Job
With Glare and Slipper.

SIX REELS TELL STORY.

Girls of Ten and Fourteen Are
Near-Heroines in Serio-
Comic Melodrama.

The next picture will be "Under the Red Brick, or the Hidden Treasure of South Brooklyn," a six-reel feature. The players: Annie Goski, ten years old (home address No. 224 Twenty-second street); Helen Norman, fourteen years old (home address No. 529 Fifth avenue); parents of the foregoing (particularly the mothers), Mrs. Mary Roguski (home address No. 226 Twenty-second street); Policeman Robert Malcolm, Fifth avenue station; Justice Wilkin, Children's Court.

First Reel—"Annie, the Adventure." Time: last Friday afternoon. Annie, who has occasionally run errands for Mrs. Roguski, stealthily approaches the Roguski apartment. Kneels at door. Nobody home. Waits. Takes out latch key. Adroitly opens door and finds herself in bedroom. Thinks a moment, then smites brow with sudden recollection. Goes to bed, turns back covers, lifts mattress and suddenly draws out ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS in bills. Tucks money into dress and tiptoes out.

GET THIS—THE PLOT BEGINS TO THICKEN RIGHT HERE.

Second Reel—"The Eternal Feminine"—Annie meets Helen, her "side partner" at the steps of the Norman residence. Mysterious whispering. Annie "sashes" the roll. Greet! "Now to realize our wildest dream!" A moment's parley between the plotters. "Hiss! Annie, come with me!" The dim and mysterious cellar of the Norman home. In one corner, dark and cobwebby, a spot is chosen. Helen finds the shovel of the faithful head gardener (or the ash man) and digs a hole. "It is too much money, Annie, even for us here!" Let's put part of it here! Annie nods and carefully counts SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS from the roll. Helen fondles it an instant and then deposits it in the hole. "Now to mark the spot." An old red brick lies near at hand. This Helen places above the buried treasure and half covers it with the cellar mold. "There, beneath yonder brick lies the treasure! Say, Annie, get the twenty-five." "Yep." "Then let us away!"

Third Reel—"Frills and Furbelows." A shop. Enter Annie and Helen, accompanied by the TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS. "Now to array ourselves like the lilies of the field." "I'll take that dress—and that pair of shoes and those stockings—and that hat." "Yes, and I'll take those." Out comes the little roll of bills and the shopkeeper is paid. With beating hearts Annie and Helen trip from the establishment, each with a large bundle.

IT'S NOT TOO THICK FOR MOTHERS TO SEE THROUGH.

Fourth Reel—"Confession." Annie and Helen return to their homes. They garb themselves in their new finery. Instead of admiration there is consternation. "Where did you get that hat? Also that dress and all the other things?" Silence; no answer, and then a silent tear or two. Mother's eyes grow hard and questioning. (Some "third degree" stuff here.) At last confession, all about the mattress and the money and everything. (And just as the mothers place their daughters over their maternal and punitive knees the reel mercifully ends.)

Fifth Reel—"The Law." Mrs. Roguski is told of the theft, which she has already reported to the police. Helen is sent to the cellar, and there, by simple sleight of hand, she takes SIXTY DOLLARS from under the brick. Annie is made to go to Mrs. Roguski with the SIXTY DOLLARS, but instead of returning it, she, fearing the wrath of the victim, throws it in the hallway and runs off.

Fourteen-Year-Old Boy Richest in United States; His Aunt and Titled Cousin, Who Divide \$25,000,000



JOHN NICHOLAS BROWN, AT 14, RICHEST BOY IN U. S., AND AUNT CHIEF HEIRS.

Now enters Policeman Malcolm, who accidentally steps on the roll in the hallway, picks it up. "Ah-h-h! Real money!" Mrs. Roguski identifies it and reveals to Malcolm the names of the adventuresses. He hastens to their homes and the shadow of the law falls upon them. Helen admits the "short-changing" and digs again under the red brick. At last all the money is recovered—all save the TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS spent for feminine finery.

TEARS OF REPENTANCE MARK END OF THE STORY.

Sixth Reel—"The Children's Court." Annie and Helen stand tearfully at the bar of justice. Justice Wilkin looks down at them with a well-simulated frown. The two adventuresses quiver in their small shoes. "You are placed in the custody of your parents until I shall decide what to do with you." The adventuresses give a gasp of relief. This lasts until home is again reached. Then they have another session with mother's slipper. GOOD NIGHT.

HORSE FALLS INTO DITCH, WAITS TO BE RESCUED.

Seems to Appreciate Efforts of Human Friends With Ropes and Pulley.

Lying quietly and patiently in an open sewer at Flushing and Clason avenues, Brooklyn, one of a team of big horses owned by William Weiser of No. 27 Powers street, waited for hours to-day to be rescued by human friends. In falling into the sewer the horse broke clear of his team and the harness.

The man of Truck Company No. 102 responded to a still alarm sent in by a policeman and with ropes and pulleys began to labor at the task of getting him to his feet. The animal seemed to appreciate the fact that he had plenty of friends and took it easy while the firemen worked.

A suggestion that it would be better to kill him was unanimously voted down by John Devlin, the driver, and the firemen. The pistol shot will be held off unless it is found that the patient animal has been crippled seriously by his fall.

ESTATE OF \$25,000,000 IS ORDERED DIVIDED; 40 YEARS IN TRUST

John Nicholas Brown, at 14,
Richest Boy in U. S., and
Aunt Chief Heirs.

An estate of \$25,000,000, which has been in trust for forty years, since the death of John Carter Brown of Providence, R. I., in 1874, is soon to be released to the heirs, following an order signed by Justice Weeks. This order allows Frank W. Matteson, the trustee, to go forward with the long-delayed distribution.

A large portion of the fortune of John Carter Brown, founder of the university at Providence which bears his name, will go to John Nicholas Brown, his grandson, now fourteen years old. This boy's father, another John Nicholas Brown, died a few days after his birth and left him a large estate.

This, combined with another fortune bequeathed to the lad by his uncle, Harold Brown, amounted to more than \$10,000,000. When his share of his grandfather's estate reaches him within the next few months, he will be undoubtedly the richest individual of his years in the United States. The boy's mother was Miss Natalie Dresser, a sister of Mrs. George Vanderbilt.

Mrs. William Watts Sherman, whose daughter, Miss Mildred Constance Sherman, became Lady Camoys three years ago, is the other chief beneficiary by the will of the university founder. She is the only surviving child. Her husband died in 1911, not long before the marriage of their daughter to Lord Camoys.

Upon the death of her father, and while she was still Miss Brown, the present Mrs. Sherman received a large share of the estate. She transferred her interest to trustees, with the understanding that she was to receive the income from it so long as her husband lived, and after his death she was to receive her share as absolute property.

Refuses to Form Japanese Cabinet.

TOKIO, Japan, March 29.—Prince Ito, Tokyo, President of the House of Peers, today declined to undertake the formation of a new Japanese cabinet, although requested to do so by the Emperor and the ministerial crisis brought about by the naval scandal was therefore still unsettled. The older statesman then submitted to His Majesty the name of Viscount Kato Kiyomasa, who has previously held several cabinet portfolios and the Emperor summoned him to an audience tomorrow.

George W. Hill Dead.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—George W. Hill, for many years a prominent official of the Agricultural Department, died today after a protracted illness at Franklin, Ga. When the Secretary of Agriculture first became a member of the cabinet, Mr. Hill organized the editorial branch and developed the plan of widespread circulation of agricultural literature to farmers, agricultural journals and the press generally. He was born in England, educated at Paris and Montreal and was formerly on the editorial staff of the Montreal Herald.

NEW THOUGHT LEADER ASKS JUDGE TO SEND "SEMICHORD" TO JAIL

Mrs. Sears Would Imprison the
Rev. Mr. for Failure to
Pay Attorney.

If Dr. Julia Seton Sears, founder of the New Thought Church in New York, is successful in the motion she made to-day before Supreme Court Justice Weeks, her husband, the Rev. Frank W. Sears, also of the New Thought cult, whom she is suing for divorce, will be the first clergyman to become a member of the Ludlow Street Jail's alimony club.

Through her attorney, Edward T. Hiscoc, a motion was made asking that Justice Weeks adjudge Rev. Mr. Sears guilty of contempt of court for alleged failure to pay Hiscoc all or a part of a \$500 counsel fee awarded to him by Justice Weeks on March 14. Mrs. Sears did not ask for alimony. All she wants is a divorce from the man she describes as "her mental and spiritual semichord," who, she alleges, took a trip to Europe with Miss Pauline Langdon shortly before Miss Langdon acted as bridemaid in a unique New Thought marriage. The marriage was performed by the Rev. Mr. Sears a few days before his wife brought suit for divorce, naming Miss Langdon.

"If you succeed in putting Mr. Sears in Ludlow Street Jail it may interfere with his Sunday services," was suggested to Mr. Hiscoc to-day.

"Well, that won't interfere with Mrs. Sears's work," replied the latter. "She is holding services regularly at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre while her husband is talking to sparse audiences in Acadia Hall on 'Sins' and kindred topics. And unless Dr. Sears pays the counsel fee we intend to insist upon an order committing him to jail."

When the motion came up before Justice Weeks arguments on it were postponed until April 2 by consent of both sides. The first intimation that the clergyman and his wife had separated divided followers of the couple in the New Thought cult into factions. Dr. Sears said that her husband's conduct toward her had made life with him unbearable. She had instructed him, she said, in the New Thought philosophy during a tour of England and upon their return to this side he began to preach on his own account.

"He attempted to usurp my place at the head of the church," said Dr. Sears, "after I had spent years in founding it."

The Rev. Mr. Sears, in answer to the divorce suit, denied his wife's charge of unfaithfulness.

BURGULARS BLOW SAFE AT 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

Get \$1,340 in Fifth Robbery Within
a Year of Harlem Business
Houses.

Burglars broke into the Woodworth five and ten-cent store at No. 208 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street some time between Midnight Saturday and 8 o'clock this morning, dynamited the safe and got away with \$1,340. The robbery was discovered when manager Allen Creighton opened the store to-day, and although detectives made an immediate examination they found only half a stick of dynamite, a coil of wire and a dry battery and a small jimmy. There were no finger prints, and apparently the burglars used gloves. They entered the store by breaking a sashlock on a cellar door on the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street side of the building.

On March 2 the Woodworth store at No. 222 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, in the same block, was entered and the safe robbed of \$900, and within the year five stores have been burglarized in the same way. The police believe the work has been by the same band of thieves, but they have no trace of them.

Two Bitten by Pet Monkey.

(Special to The Evening World.)
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., March 29.—Mrs. W. A. Robinson and her daughter, while on a visit to Cornwall, were bitten by a pet monkey. The wounds, which were cauterized, are not considered dangerous. The monkey first threw snobbles at the child and then bit her twice. When the mother went to the girl's assistance the animal attacked her.

SLY BANANA PEEL TRIPS UP PLOTTED WAR IN HONDURAS

St. Patrick's Day Revolt
Hardly Started When Boss
Warrior Slipped.

ALL OFF, JUST FOR THAT

It Really Was a Secret, But
Fruit Skin Appears to
Spoil It All.

The story of the bloodless revolution in which the revolutionists did not revolute was brought to New York to-day aboard the steamer Purina of the United Fruit Line. Charles Morrison, a bronzed young American who has been in the coffee business near Puerto Barrios, is sponsor for the tale.

"Gen. Miguel Martinez of Honduras was applied to the presidency," said Morrison. "Gen. Martinez was every inch a patriot and he felt that his country needed him at the helm to keep it from going to the how-wows. He established his headquarters up a quiet street in Santa Barbara and began to plot deeply."

"You can always find men ready to plot along the mosquito coast, and Gen. Martinez was not lacking in fellow conspirators. They plotted secretly for six months. No one knew of the General's plans except himself and his faithful conspirators and the rest of the population of Honduras. The Government didn't know any more about the impending revolution than did Gen. Martinez. The General and his followers were most discreet."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY WAS SELECTED FOR THE TROUBLE.

"It was finally arranged that on March 17 at high noon the revolution would begin. On that day and at that hour the General was to step into the main street of Santa Barbara, draw his sword and cry: 'Patriots of Honduras, follow me!' That was to be the signal for a general uprising and a march on the capital."

"Never had a revolution been so carefully plotted. The conspirators met after dark and spoke in whispers. They treaded their several ways on tiptoes and successfully kept their secret from all but everybody."

"The morning of the seventeenth dawned auspiciously. It was just the day for deeds of patriotism. The conspirators met at the General's hotel for a final consultation. All was well. The sons of freedom were ready for the words that would overthrow despotism and place a real patriot in command of the ship of state."

"Promptly at the stroke of 12 from the cathedral clock Gen. Martinez stepped from the doorway of his hotel. A rainbow, an Adriatic sunset, a cubist masterpiece, a bird of paradise—these and much more were Gen. Martinez's collection of medals that would have made John Philip Sousa proud of them. He clanked as he strode."

ALL READY FOR THE DEMONSTRATION—BUT WAIT!

"Upon the door sill the patriot halted and glanced imperiously from right to left. His right hand seized his sword hilt and the blue flag floated in the sun. The General raised his voice and the town awoke from its slumber to the belated words: 'Patriots of Honduras, follow me!' The General strode forth to fight the cause of the downtrodden and to bring despotism to their proper reckoning. At least that was the General's determination, but as he left foot struck the pavement it came in contact with a banana peel and the hope of the downtrodden disappeared in a twinkling. The General landed on his shoulder blades."

"Latin-Americans have a sense of humor. This was their opportunity to laugh, and while Santa Barbara gave vent to its mirth by clapping two barefooted policemen on the run and Gen. Martinez went to the city's prison, but the General was game, for he was dressed to lead in keeping to the patriots of Honduras to follow him. But they had changed their minds."

PASTORS IN HOT DEBATE OVER RELIEF FUND TAX

Methodists Object to Compulsory
Contributions to Underpaid
Country Clergymen

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., March 29.—The New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church got into a stormy debate to-day when a motion was made to tax all the members of the conference making more than \$1,000 a year in order to establish a fund for the relief of the underpaid country clergymen.

Dr. David Downey, book editor of the church, said that the honor of the conference would insure the payment of contributions if they were voluntary.

In reply Dr. Cranford J. North, who has had charge of the superannuated fund, stated that even if the clergy were a source of honor was not enough and that compulsion was necessary. The vote showed over two-thirds of the clergymen opposed to the principle of being taxed. A motion urging the creation of a fund out of voluntary contributions of 1 per cent of their salaries by the clergymen with salaries over \$1,000 a year was overwhelmingly adopted.

BUTLER AND WIFE HELD IN BAIL ON EXTORTION CHARGE

Dr. John Vanderpoel Says
Former Employee Tried to
Blackmail Him.

MARKED MONEY FOUND.

Threat of "Exposure" Leads to
Arrest of Servant Once
Dismissed.

Jean Lolson, formerly butler for Dr. John Vanderpoel of No. 56 West Fifty-second street, one of the best known physicians in the city and prominent in the County Medical Society, and his wife, Louise, were held to-day by Magistrate Nolan in the Yorkville Police Court in \$2,000 bail each for examination Thursday on Dr. Vanderpoel's charge that they tried to blackmail him. According to the doctor, they were to have returned to France their old home, if he gave them the \$1,400 they demanded. Instead they now face the possibility of long terms in prison here.

No testimony was taken to-day, but both the physician and Mrs. Lolson told their stories. They agreed on the unessential facts that Lolson had been discharged by the doctor because he drank, and, after going to lodgings at No. 317 West Thirtieth street, had appealed to the physician for treatment and help.

Finally the appeals changed to a demand for \$1,400 on threat, the doctor says, that if he did not pay, the Lolsens would make "an exposure, which would shock society." According to the physician, Mrs. Lolson made the last demand on him.

SAYS WOMAN DEMANDED \$1,400 FROM HIM.

She came to the house early yesterday. Dr. Vanderpoel demanded to know on what grounds she based her claims. "You know what I mean," she is alleged to have said. "My husband was in your employ for a long time and he knows some things you would not like to get circulated among your clients."

"But what am I to do?" the doctor asked. "Give us \$1,400," the woman is alleged to have said, "and we will leave you alone. We will go back to France and you will never hear from us again."

Dr. Vanderpoel finally agreed to pay the money. The woman is alleged to have said, "and we will leave you alone. We will go back to France and you will never hear from us again."

BUTLER SAYS WHOLE THING IS MISTAKE.

The woman agreed and the physician immediately consulted his lawyer, H. K. Alderott Jr. of No. 145 Broadway, who sent him to a detective agency. Detective Owens also was called in. The four men took \$100 in \$20 bills, marked them and placed them in an envelope and, together with the lawyer and physician, went to the meeting place in Madison avenue. There they found Lolson and his wife. The doctor put out an envelope and handed it to his former butler.

"Here," he said, "is your money. Take it and leave me alone." "Wait a minute," said the butler, and he began to count it. The detectives grabbed him, took the money away and marched him and his wife to the West Forty-seventh street station.

Lolson said there was a misunderstanding, which could be quickly cleared when the case is heard in the West Side Court to-day.

PERSISTENT "MASHER" COULDN'T TAKE A HINT

As a Result Joseph Papers Must
Spend Thirty Days on Blackwell's Island.

For the next thirty days Joseph Papera, a visitor in New York from Syracuse, will twirl his glossy mustache on Blackwell's Island when he is not busy at the odd jobs generally supplied the guests of the workhouse.

Miss Irma Evans, a pretty young business woman of No. 238 West Twenty-fourth street, was the cause of the punishment of Papera by Magistrate Murphy in the Jefferson Market Police Court to-day. She said that she was on her way home at 1 o'clock this morning after an evening with friends. At Seventh avenue and Twenty-third street Papera appeared, preening himself as he came. He called her "Cutie" and "Dearie" and Miss Evans gave him a fair chance to put on the brakes by telling him to go on his way. He refused to take the hint, however, and Miss Evans shaped her course to the nearest police post, which was at Seventh avenue and Twenty-ninth street. She led the Syracusean straight up to the policeman and turned him over to him.

Papera pleaded that he was due back in Syracuse to attend to important business.

"Thirty days on the island first and then Syracuse," said Magistrate Murphy.

DOCTOR WHO CAUSES ARREST OF MAN AND WIFE FOR EXTORTION.



DR. JOHN VANDERPOEL

NEW SPRING GOWNS BREAK MORAL LAW, PREACHER DECLARES

"In walking down Fifth avenue these spring days you see worse spectacles than in a second class variety performance ten years ago," said the Rev. Dr. George Ashton Oldham last evening in a sermon at St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Convent avenue and One Hundred and Forty-first street.

"Much of the prevailing style of women's dresses," Dr. Oldham said, "is a violation of the spirit of the seventh commandment. Its vulgar sex appeal represents a reverence to a lower type, more compatible with a primitive and decadent era than with twentieth century Christian enlightenment."

"This style of dress bids fair to rob both sexes of that modest reserve which is the safeguard of morality."

STENOGRAPHER DEAD FROM GAS IN HER FLAT

Widow, Out of Work Since Christmas, Ended Her Life With
Deliberation.

Neighbors began to worry this morning about Mrs. E. J. Delamater, a widow, whose husband died about a year ago and who had lived alone on the top floor of the five-story apartment at No. 423 East One Hundred and Forty-ninth street. They hadn't seen her in the halls for two weeks and made inquiries of the janitor, George Oran.

He tried to get into her flat and finally enlisted the aid of Policeman O'Connell, who climbed to the fire escape, broke a window and entered with Oran. They found the bath-room door locked and broke that in. The rush of gas from the room almost overcame them.

Mrs. Delamater lay dead in the bathtub. A brass gas lamp from which the mantle had been removed was tied around her neck with a cloth so that the aperture was close to her mouth. It is believed that she had been dead for nearly all of the two weeks that she was missed. The window and door had been stuffed with cloths so that the gas had not escaped.

Neighbors knew little about the woman except that she got a job as stenographer in a railroad office after her husband's death and lost it about Christmas time. She was about forty-five years old.

DR. MARY WALKER TELLS A LOVE SECRET

Says She Twice Refused to Marry
Ex-President Arthur but "Saved
Her Identity."

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Dr. Mary Walker, she of the trousers and silk hat, might have been the first lady of the land—but she wouldn't take the heart and hand of Col. (later President) Arthur because he "smoked tobacco and because she didn't want to lose her identity."

The doctor coyly told all about it to an audience at a moving picture theatre last night. She said Arthur twice proposed.

"He would have given up the use of the weed if I would have consented to become his bride," she explained. "But then I'd have lost my identity in his. As his wife I would have been the first lady in the land for a few years, and then would have been a nobody as his widow. I will always be a somebody."

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12-YEAR-OLD HERO RESCUES FOUR MEN FROM SINKING BOAT

Freddie Schepper "Minds His
Ma" and Rows Through
Gale to Save.

If Freddie Schepper, twelve-year-old son of Frank Schepper, a Sands Bay Inlet oysterman, hadn't "minded his ma" and rowed out over the big waves of Jamaica Bay at sunset to an overturned launch, four grown men, who are very comfortable at home to-day, would have been drowned.

The boy has breathed salt air since he was a baby. He cannot remember the time when he couldn't look out of his home and see the heaving waters of the bay. When he was very small he began to handle oars, and now his wiry arms, though not so thick as his father's, can pull an oar handily against a heavy sea.

What happened Saturday did not become generally known until to-day, for Freddie is a modest hero and his mother is too well content with her sturdy son to care what others think of him. But these are the facts:

FEARED BOAT WOULD BE SWAMPED BY WAVES.

Shortly before dark the boy and his mother were alone in their cottage when the mother sighted a launch in distress half a mile off shore. A heavy sea was running. Sometimes the boat would disappear behind great waves, and for the moment or two the woman and the boy watched their feared it would never reappear.

Once, after sinking in the trough of the sea, the boat did come up with the keel pointing to the sky, and the four men clinging to it desperately.

"We haven't time to get help," said Freddie's mother. "You'll have to take the boat yourself and row out to 'em."

It would soon be dark, the waves were big and the overturned launch a good way out, and Freddie was only twelve. But he "minded his ma."

The little fellow's arms needed all their wiry muscle. He needed all his knowledge and his heart needed all the fortitude of a strong man. He was not lacking in any of these.

MOTHER SHOUTS ENCOURAGEMENT FROM SHORE.

"You can make it, Fred," his "ma" cried from the shore, as he pulled away. "There are four of 'em out there."

The men, clinging to the overturned launch, were shouting loudly for help. They did not see the boy. Freddie was rowing until he was only a few yards from them. Then one of the four let go and swam to the boy's boat and clambered in. Freddie brought the launch alongside the launch and the other three were helped in.

The boy's father returned while the lad was out on his life-saving mission and was there to meet the little hero and the four who Freddie rowed the boat alongside the small pier that runs out from the Schepper home. The wet passengers in Freddie's boat were shivering and given coffee in the cottage.

They were Joseph Rand, of No. 1644 De Kalb avenue; Joseph Weinstein, of No. 423 Madison street; Frank Schlenker, of No. 129 Melrose street, all of Brooklyn, and Daniel Webster, the bayman, of Sands Bay Inlet. They were on their way from Canarsie to Rockaway Point when their engine "went dead," they said.

EAT LESS AND TAKE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts if your
Back hurts or Bladder
bothers.

The American men and women must guard against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid, which the kidneys strive to filter out; they weaken from overwork, become sluggish, the eliminative system clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and general decline in health. When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead, your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache, dizziness, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous Salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine, so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

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